

dinary. Landseer (Edwin), Grantley Berkeley, Seymour de Constant. This last hero reminds me of that extraordinary woman Lady Dudley Stuart<sup>1</sup> and she again of her family — most of whom I know, Lucien Prince of Canino, Joseph Count of Survilliers. Lady Dudley's little son, like the Emperor. And Lord Dudley must not be forgotten with his handsome melancholy face, and then Lady Tankerville and her lovers. How much I could write of this singular coterie! But this is a mein, which will recall them perhaps to my memory.

Old Lady Salisbury and old Lady Cork. Met the Duke of Wellington at Lady Cork's in his blue ribbon the eve of the day Lord Grey resigned. 'He always wears his blue ribbon when mischief is going on,' whispered Ossulston to me.

Rogers hates me. I can hardly believe, as he gives out, that Y. G. is the cause. Considering his age I endeavoured to conciliate him, but it is impossible. I think I will give him cause to hate me. When Shee was elected P. B. A. Rogers (his friend) said it was the greatest compliment ever paid to *Literature*.

Lord Wilton and his Italian. The story I thought too good but I believe *true*.

("Come sto  
Signer Bubinil  
[Come sta  
Signora Grisi]

Dined with him at Lady B.'s.  
Lady Blessington and Lady Manners Sutton [her sister]. The Speaker appeared to me a *b\$te* when I was introduced to him by his wife.

Long conversation with Lord Lyndhurst. He said that if he were to choose a career *now* it would be at once editor and proprietor of a first-rate newspaper.

*To Lady Blessington.*

BBADENHAM HOUSE,  
Aug. 5.  
[1834.]

I was so sorry to leave London without being a moment alone with you; but although I came to the Opera last night on purpose, Fate was against us. I did not reach this place until Sunday, very ill indeed from the pangs of parting. Indeed, I feel as desolate as a ghost, and I do not think that I ever shall be able to settle to anything again. It is

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Lucien Bonaparte.